

Though the dream of the child the rude world  
 will mar,  
 Oh, still may the truth be his guide and his star;  
 And may virtue be his as he grows up in years,  
 And GOD be his trust on this earth's vale of tears.

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LITTLE EMMA.

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ONCE I knew a little maiden  
 Sweeter than the summer's gale,  
 Fairer than the opening blossom  
 Blooming in the dewy dale.  
 Happy as the little Goldfinch,  
 Singing in the cherry tree;  
 She would ply her busy needle,  
 Sing and smile most pleasantly.

In the meadow where the violets  
 Clustered in the soft spring time,  
 EMMA wandered in the evening  
 Listening to the bird's sweet chime:  
 Or beside the murmuring brooklet  
 Leaning by a verdant tree,  
 I have marked her merry musings  
 While the stream sang lullaby.

From the hill side EMMA gathered  
 Flowers to decorate her home;  
 Where the forest pine trees nodded,  
 She would venture forth alone.  
 Nature's child—she loved its beauty,  
 Thence would spring devotion's ray,